

THE DEMOCRAT.

B. H. ADAMS, Publisher.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, - MISSOURI.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

We met at the beach; it was morning, and bright
As the morning itself was her hazel eyes
I bowed and she smiled, and we chatted
And the whole day took on the sweet look of
her smile.
She was gowned to perfection—I notice such
things—
And her sleeves could give angels a point as to
wings.
Ally chiffon she wore, and most ravishing
And that finished her toilette and quite finished
you.
Her feet were encased in most beautiful boots.
Appropriate still to her elegant suits.
In canvas or satin or simply in tan.
Those small feet were meant for the conquest
of man.
Whatever she did was done simply and well:
She boated, she danced, and she flirted—don't
tell!
But on each occasion she shone like a star.
And men hovered near, the great moths that
they are.
And sometimes she sang with a lilting gay
That you thought of the lark in the green
English May.
And sometimes she played, and her hands on
the keys
Just swept o'er your heart strings like wind
through the trees.
She was kind to the children; the reckless
small boy
Was her captive; and flew at her bidding with
joy.
And she'd tell the wee tots fairy stories gal-
ore.
Though, relentless as tyrants, they clamored
for more.
And this daintiest girl to the old and the sad
Had a message of cheer that made weary
hearts glad.
She was never too hurried to lend them a
hand.
And the secret of comfort was hers at com-
mand.
But the summer is waning; we go back to
town.
And friends of the summer, ere leaves shall be
brown.
We will almost be strangers; our ways lie
apart.
And I'll hold this rare maiden a dream in my
heart.
—Elizabeth Chisholm, in Harper's Bazar.

A GAME OF POKER.

He was hanging
on the ragged
edge of ruin,
and he knew
it. He had al-
ways lived
high, but
lately things
had gone against him and he owed
everybody, including the club. In the
morning the directors met, and then
came expulsion and social disgrace,
which meant ruin to his cherished
scheme of a marriage which would
place him on his feet and give him
what he most desired.

He thought of all this as he walked
up the club steps, and he went straight
to the card room, where he knew he
would find a game. It was his only
chance, but he was dead game and a
good, smooth player. The game was
poker and the stakes were as high as
a cat's back, but he wanted quick
action, for he knew that he had to
make a "killing" to-night or the game
was up with him.

He had no difficulty in getting a
seat at the game. Besides standing
high in his profession he ranked as a
social leader, made so by great au-
dacity, backed by talent and much
policy.

The game as played at the club was
a gentleman's game—that is, one's
check went as money, and such a
thing as a player doing a dishonorable
act was not even contemplated. He
knew this, so he drew his check for the
chips handed him, though he knew
equally as well it would be dishonored
if presented; but he was desperate to-
night and had determined that no such
event should happen at any hazard.

He played carefully and coolly, as he
did everything, for he had always
looked on life as a game, and as nature
had dealt him a good hand he had
lived "on velvet" and had succeeded
in getting most of the good things that
came in his way.

There were six around the table
when he took a hand, but the game
soon grew too hot for two, so they
dropped out, after dropping their
money, and the game went on.

It was getting late and he was deep
in the hole, but he sat quietly and
waited. He had determined when he
first entered the game to draw only
one check. He had three out now and
still losing, but he had not lost his
head. He drank only what the others
drank until they changed off to cham-
pagne; then he stuck to his brandy
and soda and took but little of that.

They were all forced into a jack pot
and it had been sweetened until it was
enough to go broke on. The cards
were run again and he picked up three
kings, with the seven and eight as side
cards; but he looked sad and thought-
ful, for he was an artist and his face
was no index to his thoughts. The
play passed around to him. "No," he
yawned, "can't open it." He knew
that the time had come to make a
"killing."

The player opposite him opened the
play for what it was worth, and then
the man on his right quickly ran out
his stack and raised it for as much
more on the outside, for there was no
limit to this game but the ceiling.
It was his say next, but he stopped
just a moment, for he saw by accident,
or otherwise, three aces in that hand
ahead of him, and he knew his kings
were beat to go on; but it was only a
moment he hesitated and then saw the
raise. But his face was ghastly pale.
The other two players also saw the

raise; so all stayed in, and the specta-
tors around the table knew that some-
one was going to get hurt. From the
draw it could be seen there were no
weary hands out.

He drew one card and looked like a
man who was drawing to a "bobtail
flush," for he knew his business and
did not propose to give his hand away.
Then he turned quickly to notice the
player on his right.

He, too, had drawn one card and the
face, flushed with drink, indicated
plainly to his keen eyes that he had
filled the hand which, with a laugh,
he laid face downwards upon the
table. He knew that his hand was
worthless against the hand of this
drunken player.

There was but one thing to do, and
he did it coolly and deliberately. He
simply picked up a discard and
dropped it upon the hand lying face
downwards on the table, and then he
made a swell bet, so big that it looked
mighty like a bluff.

The two other players fingered their
chips nervously and tried to see in that
face a reflection of his hand. Was he
drawing to a "Robert," two pairs,
three, a straight or a flush? But they
saw nothing there but a look of quiet
sadness—not too sad, but just sad
enough to lead them to believe that he
was endeavoring to appear cheerful
under most trying circumstances. The
drunken player saw nothing.

The player opposite him was play-
ing on his employer's money and hav-
ing lost his head with his money was
desperate. He had too much in that
game to lose now, so without waiting
for the betting to be up to him he saw
the bet on three queens.

The player on his left was rich, but
he knew the value of money, for he
had worked to make it; and he hesi-
tated. He saw the pale face of the
clerk whose trembling hands could
hardly hold the cards; he knew that
he had him beat. He only glanced at
the player opposite him, for no one
can tell what a drunken player will do
in this game, where all depends on
judgment and coolness. Then he
looked at the face of the man who had
made this nifty bet, but he could see
nothing there. Was he working a
bluff or not? Was that one card the
card he needed, or had he missed it?

Then he sized up his own hand, and
he felt that he had him beat to go on
unless he had filled on that one-card
draw; so he saw the bet on a flush.

For a moment nothing could be
heard in the room except the heavy
breathing of the players. Then the
man who made this nifty bet slowly
spread out his hand on the table.

They thought he was bluffing, but
they were mistaken. He had caught
the eight and filled his hand and made
a "killing" for the man on his right,
with the ace full, held six cards, and
his hand was "dead."

He rose to go, unmindful of the en-
trearies of the clerk to give him just
one more chance to win something
back, for in this world he neither
asked nor did he give.

He stopped only long enough to as-
sure those who crowded around the
table of his belief in the innocence of
his friend who held the six cards, and
that it must have been a mistake of the



THERE WAS BUT ONE THING TO DO, AND HE DID IT.

dealer's; and to the man himself, now
sorely by his loss and the suspicion
resting upon him, he expressed his re-
grets that he had overlooked his hand.

Then he quietly walked from the
room, passing the bar where a crowd
of young candidates for remorse were
begging for a last drink before the
club closed for the night, and he
smiled a smile of contempt.

He went straight to his apartments,
drew a chair before the fire and began
to think.

II.
He was saved, but at what a price!
Never before had he done a dishon-
orable act, and now he was a common
cheat at cards.

No gentleman would be dishon-
orable, whatever might be his vices, and
he prided himself on his honor and his
family.

He thought over his past life, but he
could not recall a single instance
where he had done an unselfish or
generous act.

He was honorable not only because
he was a gentleman, but also because
he thought honestly the best policy,
and temperate, to a certain extent,
for the same reason; but that was all
that could be said of him. He had
lived for himself, and himself alone.
He thought of the talents nature had
bestowed upon him, and how he had
debased them; of his early ambition
for an education, and his college
career, and of the honors he had taken
and how little they had profited him;
of his life in Paris and a night at Monte
Carlo when, having lost his all, he
walked from the roulette table out on
the stone balcony and watched the
rippling waves of the blue Mediter-
ranean at his feet. He could now hear
the whizz of the roulette ball and the
cry of the croupier to make your bet
while the ball rolled.

From this his thoughts wandered
back to his home and the girl he used
to love in her simple frock, and he
smiled—it was the same smile that

was upon his face when he passed the
bar.

In contrast to this simple girl he
thought of the queen he now wor-
shipped in her beautiful home; and he
wondered how he could ever have
loved the other.

Then he thought of the clerk who
sat opposite him in the game—a good
friend of his—and how the money he
had just won would save him; but he
felt no pity for the man he had robbed
by fouling his hand.

Such a poker player deserved none
in his eyes.

But he wished to lead a new life and
do good, and help others beside him-
self, and wipe away this stain on his
honor; and surely now would be a
good time to start. The pale face of
the clerk came before his eyes and
then the face of the girl he hoped to
marry; and he thought how much her
wealth and her father's influence
would help him. He saw no reason
why he should not marry her now, for
the money he had won to-night would

save him and give him all he desired,
but he could see nothing but the face
of the clerk—ruined, but dead game to
the last.

And the only way he could save him
and save his honor was to give up the
money he had won by such a trick.

He got up and walked to the window
and pulled back the heavy curtains.
It was almost day. The newsboys
were calling the papers in the street
below. The first electric car flashed
down the street and passed away in
the distance, and still he stood and
thought.

Slowly the sun appeared above the
housetops and a new day had begun.
Then he turned from the window.
He had decided.

He was tired, awfully tired, and he
seated himself at the center table and
looked at his white, drawn face in the
cheval glass opposite.

He had lived too fast, and had gone
the pace that kills, but until to-night
he had been honorable.

He poured out a drink from a decan-
ter on the buffet and waited for the
reaction to come; but the liquor
seemed to have no effect.

Such a life like his was not worth
living. With the new day he should
begin a new life, and he took from his
pockets the money and checks he had
just won and put them in a package
and carefully sealed it. He started to
write a name upon it, but the pen fell
from his hand. He had often suffered
from remorse before, but the pain that
suddenly shot through his heart
keener than a knife was not remorse.

It was a physical pain!
He staggered to his feet and started
to the room where his servant slept,
but stopped. Alone he had lived and
alone he would die.

Why should he call anyone to help
him now?
Would it not be better to die to-day
than to face the morrow with its un-
certainties?

He had enjoyed all the pleasures of
this world, why now live to suffer its
hardships?

Let the new life begin at once, and
he turned back to the table and
grasped the pen that had fallen from
his hand.

And so they found him, with the pen
still clutched in the long, tapering
fingers that had so often deftly dealt
the cards, and on the package before
him was written the name of the
clerk, while on his face was a smile
never seen there before—for it was
glorious in the light of the new day.
—Illustrated American.

She Wrote in Her Sleep.
A most remarkable case of somnambu-
lism is reported ten miles north of
Sedalia, Mo. Miss Susie Sterlin,
daughter of a wealthy farmer of Pet-
tis county, has been taking music les-
sons from Miss Mary Wiley, of Seda-
lia. The term having expired, the
teacher visited her pupil to secure
her attendance for another year. Miss
Sterlin's parents were absent
from home, and when they returned
they gave their consent to the ar-
rangement. About midnight Mrs.
Sterlin heard her daughter leaving
the house—an unusual circum-
stance. Mr. Sterlin was apprised and
followed the young lady. He was as-
tounded at hearing her call her brother
to wake and mail a letter she had
written. Investigation disclosed that Miss
Sterlin was sound asleep, but she had in
her possession a very intelligible letter
that she had written while asleep and
addressed to her teacher, apprising her
of her having gained the consent of
Mr. and Mrs. Sterlin to continue her
musical studies.

Pocket Philosophy.
That marriage is a lottery cannot be
an old saw, for it never has been a
favorite with the joiners.

The self-made man shows prentice
work, but the rolling stone evidently
was produced by a journeyman.

Common sense is the steam engine
of mental mechanics, talent the elec-
tric motor and genius the theory of
perpetual motion. —Kate Field's Wash-
ington.

NEWFOUNDLAND is without reptiles.
No snake, frog, toad or lizard has ever
been seen there.

THE EVIL OF GOSSIP.

A Dangerous Element in the Social Circle.
The good old word "gossip" has been
badly abused in the changes incident
to the progress of the language. It
originally meant the interchange of
light talk on subjects of neighborly in-
terest, which even in the present day
and among all sorts and conditions of
people will remain as interesting a
matter for conversation as any other.
The trouble with the word gossip is
that it is now understood to refer al-
most entirely to ill-natured and mal-
icious scandals about neighbors. And
with such an interpretation it should
deserve the unstinted reprobation of
all.

When a neighbor gets a reputation
for going around and insinuating all
kinds of unpleasant things about all
the other neighbors, making indirect
references to things which she would
not speak out in plain terms, and al-
ways veiling her meaning by an air of
regret and of a pretense of sincerity,
she becomes more dangerous than a
snake, and she should be avoided with
exactly the same sense of loathing that
snakes are usually avoided. The
listener should always remember that
the same gossip will be very likely to
speak in almost the same terms of her,
should she be able to find a listener,
and should therefore, if only as a mat-
ter of self-protection, discountenance
and dismiss her in an unmistakable
manner. Thus chiefly may the gossip
be rooted out. A league to discourage
gossips should be formed in every little
community. It would probably be an
uncertain kind of association for
awhile, because, strange as it may
seem, there are many gossips of even
the most bitter character who do not
recognize themselves as such, and who
would in all honesty hold the character
of a malicious talebearer and scandal-
monger as one of the worst in the
world. One of the difficulties of
eradicating this evil is this fact, but a
lesson or two in a league or association
would be very sure to turn their eyes
in upon themselves, and produce an
amazing revelation in many cases.

There is gossip and gossip. Some of
the news of the neighborhood as re-
told by many ladies is a revelation of
kindly hearts and of an inborn sense
of the sweetness and civility that many
people have affirmed goes with gentle
birth. All the pretty things are told
with pretty comments. If there are
unhappy things to tell, there are kind-
ly and womanly ways of putting them,
and usually some suggestions made to
relieve them. There are the happy
gossips, but the misfortune is that the
line can not be sharply and distinctly
drawn, or always with safety applied
at all. There is a French authority
that says that man is much given to
taking pleasure in the misfortune of
his neighbor, and so long as this is
pretty much so, there is always to be a
great degree of care taken in the dis-
cussion of neighborly matters at all.
—N. Y. Tribune.

Respiration of Plants.
M. Anton Amm, who has been en-
gaged in making investigations on the
intra-molecular respiration of plants,
has communicated the results of his
researches recently to the French acade-
my of sciences. Carbonic acid, it is
found, is produced in the function of
respiration below freezing point, a sig-
nificant amount of gas being given off
at 0° C. As the temperature rose intra-
molecular respiration also gradually
increased; but the increase was not pro-
portional to the rise in temperature. In
both wheat and lupine seedlings the
optimum was reached at 40° C., which
coincides with the optimum for the nor-
mal process. The relation between the
amounts of carbonic acid formed in the
normal and intra-molecular processes
was found to vary with the temperature,
and it also varies in different stages of
development of one and the same plant
—the fraction increasing with increas-
ing development. Fresh confirmation
has been supplied by M. Amm's inves-
tigations of the fact that by the with-
drawal of oxygen production of car-
bonic acid at once sinks in amount and
remains constant for a long time at
the lower level, but rises again immedi-
ately to the original amount when oxy-
gen is again furnished to the plant. The
results show that the different or-
gans of a plant—that is flowers and
leaves—give an almost identical rela-
tion between the normal and intra-
molecular respiration, while the organs
of different species show quite a dif-
ferent relation. —N. Y. Ledger.

Explosive Diet.
An Oregon miner was driving a tun-
nel on a ledge back of his cabin, and
in cold weather usually left a stick of
gun powder on a rock, in a sunny
place at the mouth of the tunnel, to
thaw out. On several occasions when
he went to get his powder, it had dis-
appeared, and as this caused annoying
delays he lay in wait for the thief.
Placing a stick in the usual place, he
had waited but a short time when he
saw a crow swoop down on the ex-
plosive, tear away the paper cover and
greedily devour the powder. Gun-
powder is made up of nitro-glyc-
erine, sawdust and grease, and a
whole stick of it makes a hearty
meal for a crow. The miner watched
the performance for a time in amaz-
ement, which gave way to indignation,
and when the bird had about half
devoured the stick, he arose and shot
at it. The crow flew away unharmed,
with a defiant "caw," and perched in a
tree. The next time he took more care-
ful aim and hit the crow. Immediately
following the report of the gun,
there was another and louder report,
and the air was filled with feathers and
bits of crow. The shock of the bullet
passing through the bird's body had ex-
ploded the powder it had devoured.
—Golden Days.

Very Significant.
"Did that fellow who was hanged
die in the hope of a better life, like
the most of them?" "I am not right
sure about that," returned the mini-
ster; "he made his breakfast entirely of
ice cream. He seemed to have some
doubt that there would be any of it
where he was going." —Indianapolis
Journal.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are 36,585 Baptists in Swed-
en, 15,902 Methodists and about 1,000
Catholics.

—Francis A. Palmer, of New York
city, has given \$10,000 as an endow-
ment for the home for aged ministers
of the Christian denomination, to be lo-
cated at Castile, N. Y.

—There's a Christian Endeavor union
in Wales—the Swansea union—that al-
ready has enrolled 24 societies, with
1,100 members. This union was not in
existence several months ago.

—Since its establishment in 1849 the
Wesleyan Methodist Local Preachers'
Mutual Aid association has expended
about \$150,000. During the last year
7,300 members have contributed about
\$9,827.

—Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sis-
ter of the president, delivered the ad-
dress at the twenty-sixth commence-
ment exercises of the Ossining Seminary
for Young Ladies, at Sing Sing. Miss
Cleveland spoke of the importance of
the correct use of words.

—At the close of the war the Meth-
odist Episcopal church numbered 1,
300,000 members, owned 10,000 churches
and 3,300 parsonages, worth in the ag-
gregate \$34,000,000. It now has 2,500,
300 members, owns over 24,000 churches
and nearly 10,000 parsonages, worth in
the aggregate about \$125,000,000.

—The first Chinese mission was es-
tablished in 1807 by Robert Morrison.
From that time until 1842 the only
cities open to foreign residents were
Canton and Macao. Then until 1860
only five cities were open, and up to
the present time the treaty ports have
reached only as many as twenty-two.

—It is stated that the archbishops
and all the bishops of the church of
England except one are opposed to the
disestablishment of the church in
Wales. It is said that the bishops see
in this movement a step toward dises-
tablishment in Great Britain, and they
are using every resource in their power
to prevent its being accomplished.

—Pope Leo XIII. keeps a number of
birds in his library and in the alcoves
of his reception room. "You see," he
once said to a foreign minister, "these
birds are my diplomats. Whenever I
receive anyone here he can only make
a report as to my amiability, and can
seldom understand my words, because
the chatter of these songsters drowns
all that I say. The visitor can not tell
what I say, and often can not tell
whether I have even spoken."

—Miss Mary M. Dennis has been pas-
tor of the East Park Methodist Epis-
copal church at Indianapolis, Ind., for
the past year, and her pastorate has
been sanctioned by the presiding elder
of that district. The church originated
from a Sunday-school and evangelistic
services conducted by Miss Dennis.
The membership is one hundred and
twenty-seven, most of whom have been
converted under Miss Dennis' ministra-
tions. The Western Christian Advo-
cate says Miss Dennis is the first wom-
an pastor in the Methodist Episcopal
church.

—Women students in the Chicago
university take a course in domestic
science. In the first term is considered
house sanitation, embracing the sub-
jects of the location, ventilation, heat-
ing, draining, plumbing and proper
furnishing of a house. In the second
term the study of water, food and cloth-
ing from a scientific point comes up for
attention, the subject of diet is consid-
ered and food adulterations are inves-
tigated. The third term is devoted to
domestic economy, when students give
their attention to the administration of
the household.

[The Up-to-Date Method.
CHAPTER I.
Gladys Martyn was an heiress. She
was the idol of society. Men flocked
about her. She loved but one—Harold
Simpson. He was poor, obscure. Fam-
ily pride restrained her. She concealed
her feelings.

CHAPTER II.
"On, say the word!" implored Harold,
clasping her jeweled hand.
"Would you win my hand?" said she.
"Then go and do something. Be fa-
mous. Become a worthy suitor."
"I will," he replied, with a ring of
manly resolve in his voice.

CHAPTER III.
Gladys Martyn glanced at the news-
paper in her hands. What is this?
"Harold Simpson—operation—ap-
pendicitis!" There was a two-column pic-
ture of Harold and a page description
of the operation.

"He is—he is famous," she exclaimed,
bursting into tears.
CHAPTER IV.
"Gladys!"
"Harold!" —Chicago Record.

He Was No Singer.
It is not often that young people will
freely acknowledge their shortcomings
like the youth at a social party who
was asked to sing. He replied that he
would first tell a story, and then, if
they persisted in their demand, he
would endeavor to execute a song.
When a small boy, he said, he took les-
sons in singing, and one Sunday morn-
ing he went up into the garret to prac-
tice alone. While in full cry, he was
suddenly sent for by his father. "This
is 'pretty conduct,'" said the latter—
"pretty employment for a son of mine,
to be sawing boards in the garret on a
Sunday morning, loud enough to be
heard by all the neighbors! Sit down
and take your book!" The young man
was unanimously excused from sing-
ing the proposed song. —Golden Days

A Proof of Genius.
A father placed his son with a res-
taurant-keeper, to learn the trade of
waiter. Some weeks later he called to
inquire what progress the boy was
making.
"Excellent," answered the proprie-
tor, enthusiastically. "He charged a
gentleman seventy-five cents too much
to-day." —Truth.

—All known chemical elements are
represented in sea water. They are not
always capable of being detected by
chemical analysis.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Sir John Lubbock is the one man
of the present age who has won dis-
tinction both as a man of letters, a
scientist, a politician and a man.

—Carrie Le Fèvre, in her writings
and talks on art and aesthetics, frowns
on man's conventional shirt. She says
that starch and bleaching destroy the
artistic value and beauty of everything
thus treated.

—The Princess Marcellina Radzivil,
who died in Warsaw not long ago,
was the daughter of the Prince Radzi-
vill who paid for the education of
Chopin. The princess herself was one
of Chopin's most promising pupils.

—Col. F. C. Pierce, of Chicago, is en-
gaged in compiling the genealogy of
the Whitney family of Massachusetts.
The immigrant ancestor settled there
in 1635. He has thus far succeeded in
securing the names of thirty-thousand
descendants of the original immigrant.

—Giuseppe Bandi, the Leghorn edi-
tor who was killed by an anarchist
poniard in revenge for his denouncing
anarchists in general and the assassina-
tion of Carnot in particular, was one of
Garibaldi's "thousand heroes of Mar-
sala," who conquered Sicily for the
Italian people.

—Miss Eleanor Hewitt, the oldest
unmarried daughter of ex-Mayor Hew-
itt, has been roadmaster at Ringwood,
where their country home is situated,
for several years, and a very good one
she has been, too. An article on road
making has been contributed to a New
York weekly recently by Miss Hewitt.

—The new Walt Whitman society has
adopted the name of "The Walt Whit-
man Fellowship," and after the fashion
set by the poet himself the members of
the little coterie address each other as
"comrade." Daniel G. Brinton is presi-
dent of the society and Col. "Bob" In-
gersoll and John Burroughs are vice-
presidents.

—M. de Paris (Deibler) is generally
hooted and shunned whenever he trav-
els for an execution; but lately, when
on a visit to Rouen, he was the hero of
the day. He went there to guillotine a
man named Gamelin, who had mal-
treated and murdered a little girl. The
feeling against the criminal was so
strong that the executioner was re-
spectfully saluted as the most admi-
rable representative of justice.

—By the death of old Lord Denman
the British house of peers loses one of
its greatest cranks. Whenever Lord
Salisbury would get upon his legs to
make a speech Lord Denman would at
once rise to address the house, with the
deliberate object of talking down the
marquis. As he was stone deaf he would
pay no heed to expostulations on the
part of his brother peers or of the lord
chancellor as presiding officer, and was
to be stopped from further utterance
only by being dragged down into his
seat by his long coat-tails.

—President Casimir-Perier is one of
the best-guarded rulers in Europe. A
flying brigade of police agents, in civil-
ian costume, has been created to follow
the president step by step wherever he
goes. When M. Casimir-Perier is about
to start from the Elysee the prefecture
of police is apprised by telephone of the
place to which he is going, as well as
of the route he is to take. Before he
has crossed the gate of the palace a
carriage is already on the street, with
orders to follow the presidential con-
veyance and not to lose sight of it.
This maneuver is repeated several times
daily.

HUMOROUS.
—"My darling," whispered the Chi-
cago man. "My life," she murmured.
"You are the only wife I ever loved."
—Detroit Tribune.

—An artist being asked, "Is sculp-
ture difficult?" answered: "Why bless
you, no! You have only to take a
block of marble you don't want." —Tit-
Bits.

—Mr. Snifty—"My son, I see you
have passed the word 'work' as in the
feminine gender; why is it?" Son—
"Cause it tells on everybody." —Inter-
Ocean.

—Iowa—"My wife calls me Ducky
because I take to water." Kentucky—
"My wife calls me Camel because I can
go so long without it." —Philadelphia
Record.

—"I wish you would mark down that
lot of ladies' shoes," said the merchant.
"Yes, sir," replied the experienced
clerk. "In price or size?" —Washing-
ton Star.

—Jack—"Isn't your bathing suit
rather too loud?" Jess—"I don't know
but it is. Only yesterday I was mis-
taken for a bell buoy." —St. Louis Post-
Dispatch.

—Mrs. White—"Did Mrs. Grey make
her entree in good style?" Mrs. Brown
—"What are you thinking of? Her
cook makes all her entrees." —Boston
Transcript.

—"You should have seen Dudell
when I told him you were going to
break his face." "Why, what hap-
pened?" "Nothing, only his counte-
nance fell." —Buffalo Courier.

—"The Kind He Liked." "Do you like
tongue?" inquired the talkative land-
lady of the new boarder. "Yes, ma-
dam," responded the boarder, "beef
tongue." —Detroit Free Press.

—Josie—"I was taken for twenty-five
to-day and I am only eighteen." Julia
—"What will you be taken for when
you are twenty-five?" Josie—"For bet-
ter or worse, I hope." —Scribner's.

—Seashore Morality.—Dan—"What's
the matter, old man? Can't you find
your bathing-suit?" Van—"Gad! I'm
not trying to. I'm looking for a bet-
ter one." —Kate Field's Washington.